

**VERTIGO**

# FABLES™



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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

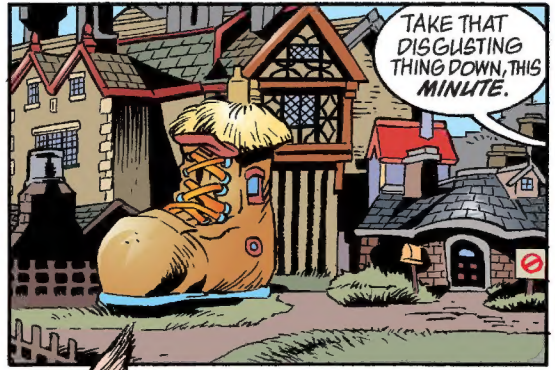
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## The Story So Far:

Snow White and Rose Red haven't been getting along of late, so, at Snow's insistence, they took a trip together to upstate New York where the Fable community known as The Farm is located. Snow hoped that they could use the time away from the hustle and bustle of New York City's Fabletown to mend fences. The Farm is where all of the Fables who can't pass as human are required to live. It's a nice place, but some of the resident Fables bristle at not ever being allowed to leave. On the trip up there, Snow discovered some evidence that weird things may be going on at the Farm. And then, in the dead of their first night there, Colin, one of the Three Little Pigs, was murdered in a most horrifying manner.



# THE GUNS OF FABLETOWN

Part Two of Animal Farm

Written by Bill Willingham Pencilled by Mark Buckingham

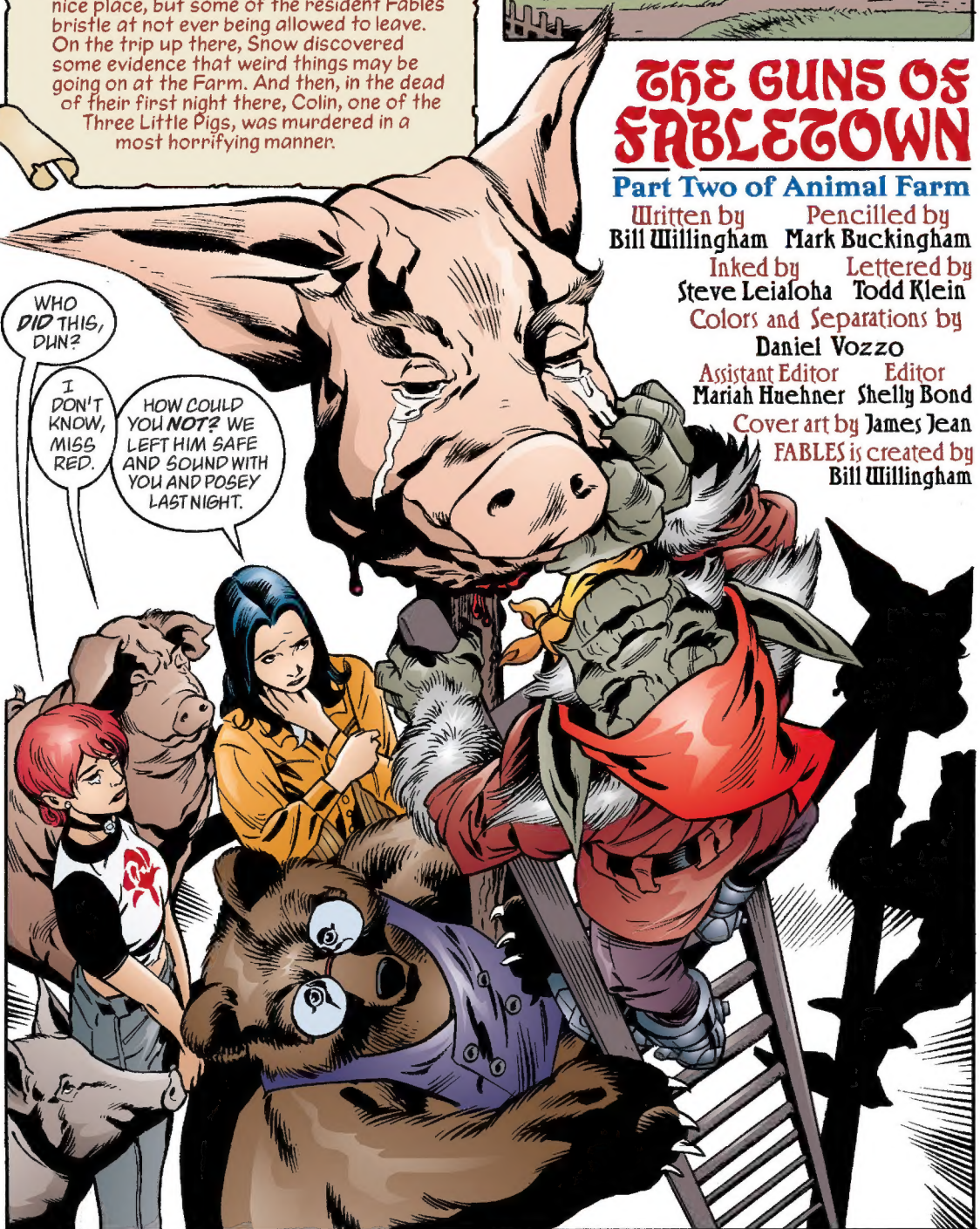
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FABLES is created by Bill Willingham



WHO DID THIS, DUN?

I DON'T KNOW, MISS RED.

HOW COULD YOU NOT? WE LEFT HIM SAFE AND SOUND WITH YOU AND POSEY LAST NIGHT.





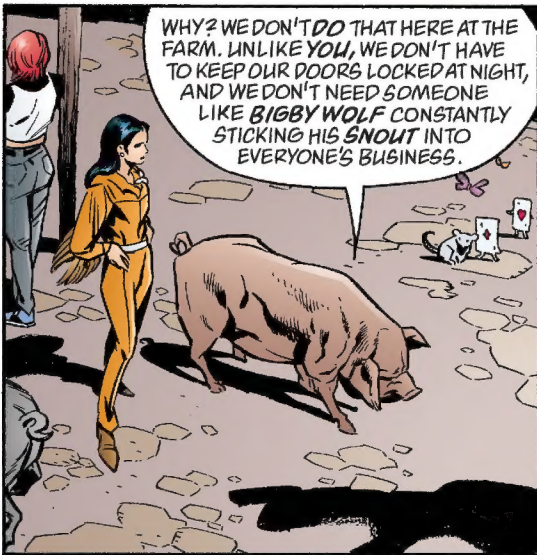
I WENT TO BED **EARLY--** RIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT. HE MUST HAVE GONE OUT AGAIN, AFTER THAT, YOU KNOW HOW **COLIN** IS-- WAS.

HE WAS **ALWAYS SNEAKING** OUT, LOOKING FOR ADVENTURES.



I GUESS HE FOUND A **BIG** ONE.

YOU SHOULD HAVE **WATCHED** HIM THEN.

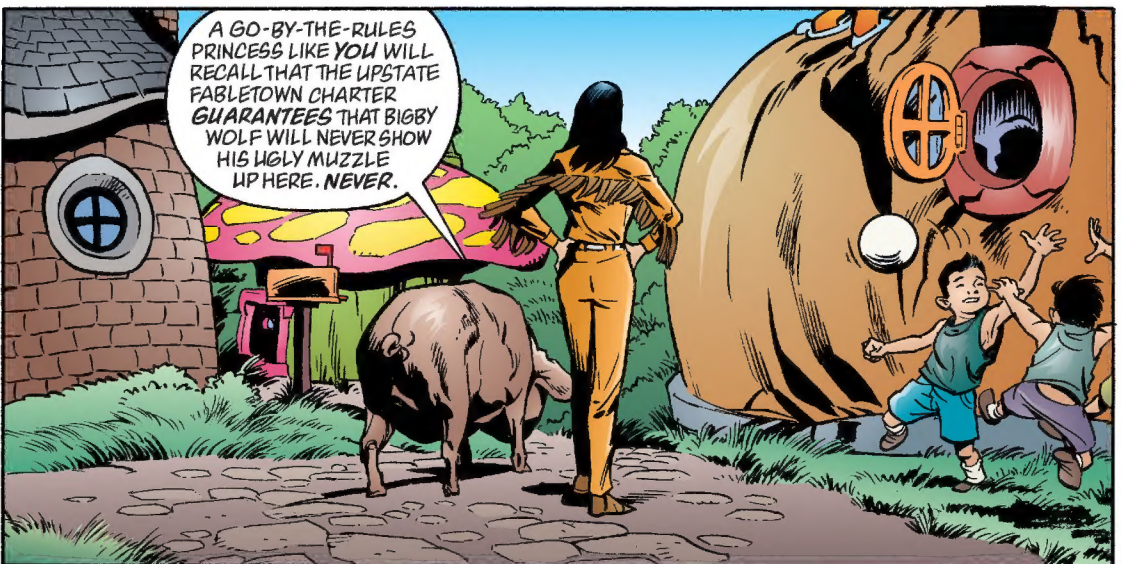


WHY? WE DON'T **DO** THAT HERE AT THE FARM. UNLIKE **YOU**, WE DON'T HAVE TO KEEP OUR DOORS LOCKED AT NIGHT, AND WE DON'T NEED SOMEONE LIKE **BIGBY WOLF** CONSTANTLY STICKING HIS **SNOUT** INTO EVERYONE'S BUSINESS.



YOU DO NOW. I'M CALLING HIM UP HERE TO **INVESTIGATE**.

NO YOU WON'T. NOT IF YOU WANT TO AVOID A **RIOT**.



A **GO-BY-THE-RULES** PRINCESS LIKE YOU WILL RECALL THAT THE UPSTATE FABLETOWN CHARTER **GUARANTEES** THAT **BIGBY WOLF** WILL NEVER SHOW HIS UGLY MUZZLE UP HERE. **NEVER**.





I BELIEVE THAT'S THE MAIN REASON YOU FOLKS HAD TO FIND SOMETHING *USEFUL* TO DO WITH HIM DOWN IN THE CITY.

SO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS?



YOU AREN'T GOING TO DO *ANYTHING*, MISS WHITE. BUT, AS THE DULY ELECTED ADMINISTRATOR OF THE FARM, FOLLOWING WEYLAND SMITH'S RESIGNATION, I'LL CONDUCT THE INVESTIGATION MYSELF, DEPUTIZING WHOMEVER I NEED TO HELP ME, IF AND AS I NEED THEM.



THAT'S NONSENSE. YOU *CAN'T* INVESTIGATE. YOU'RE DIRECTLY INVOLVED IN THE INCIDENT.

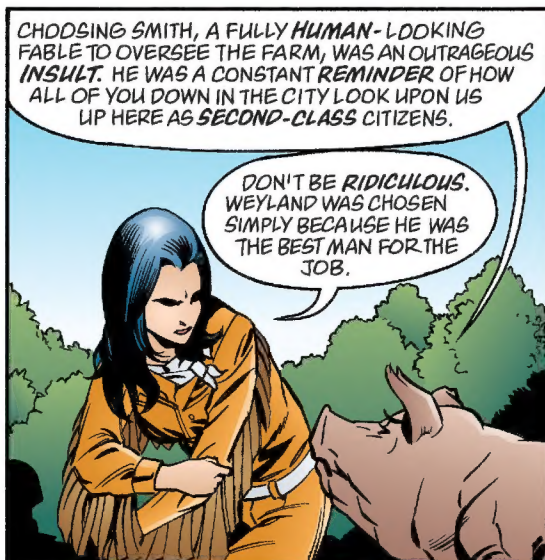
I'VE LEARNED ENOUGH FROM BIGBY OVER THE PAST FEW WEEKS TO RECOGNIZE THAT YOU AND POSEY PIG ARE THE CHIEF *SUSPECTS*.

YOU NEED TO WATCH YOUR PLACE, YOUNG MISSY.



AND WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED TO WEYLAND SMITH? YOU NEVER EXPLAINED THAT.

SURE I DID. HE *QUIT*. HE WAS NEVER MUCH LOVED UP HERE AND I SUPPOSE HE FINALLY REALIZED IT.



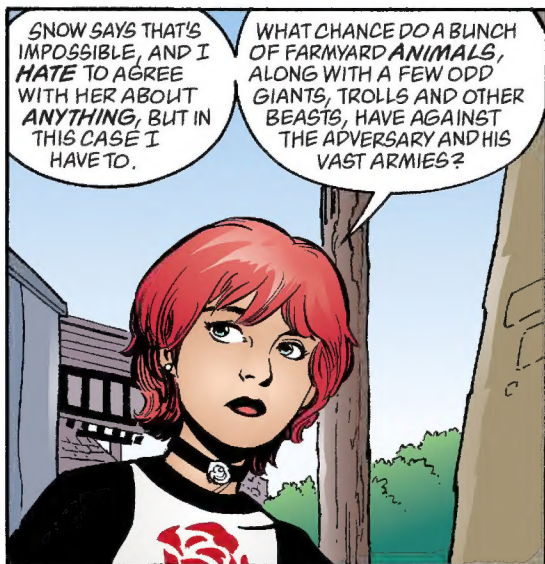
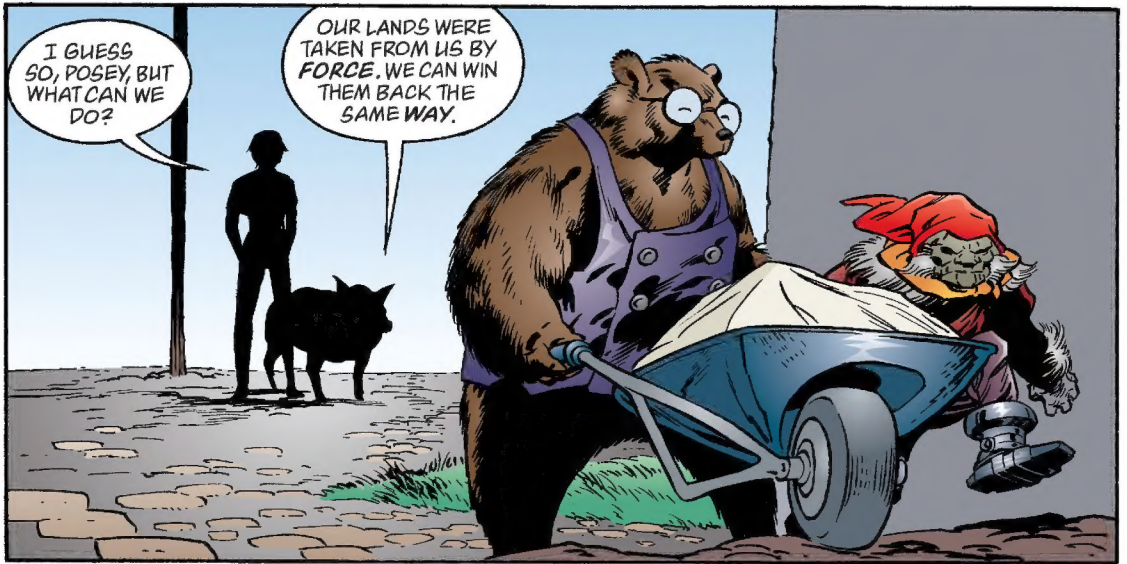
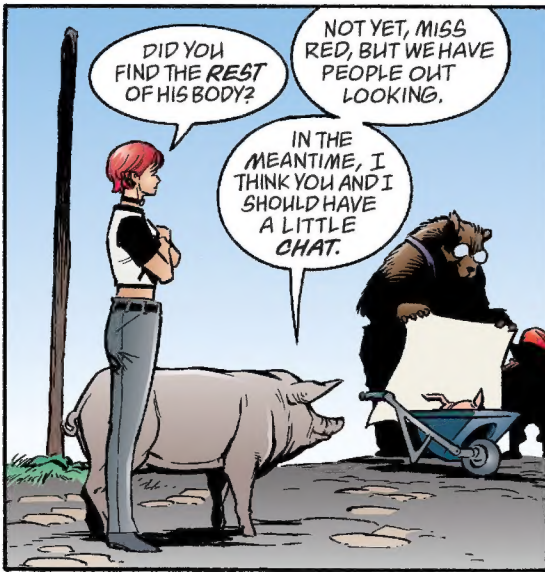
CHOOSING SMITH, A FULLY *HUMAN-LOOKING* FABLE TO OVERSEE THE FARM, WAS AN OUTRAGEOUS *INSULT*. HE WAS A CONSTANT REMINDER OF HOW ALL OF YOU DOWN IN THE CITY LOOK UPON US UP HERE AS *SECOND-CLASS* CITIZENS.

DON'T BE *RIDICULOUS*. WEYLAND WAS CHOSEN SIMPLY BECAUSE HE WAS THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB.



EXACTLY. THE BEST *MAN*. NOT THE BEST PIG, COW, GOAT OR DRAGON.

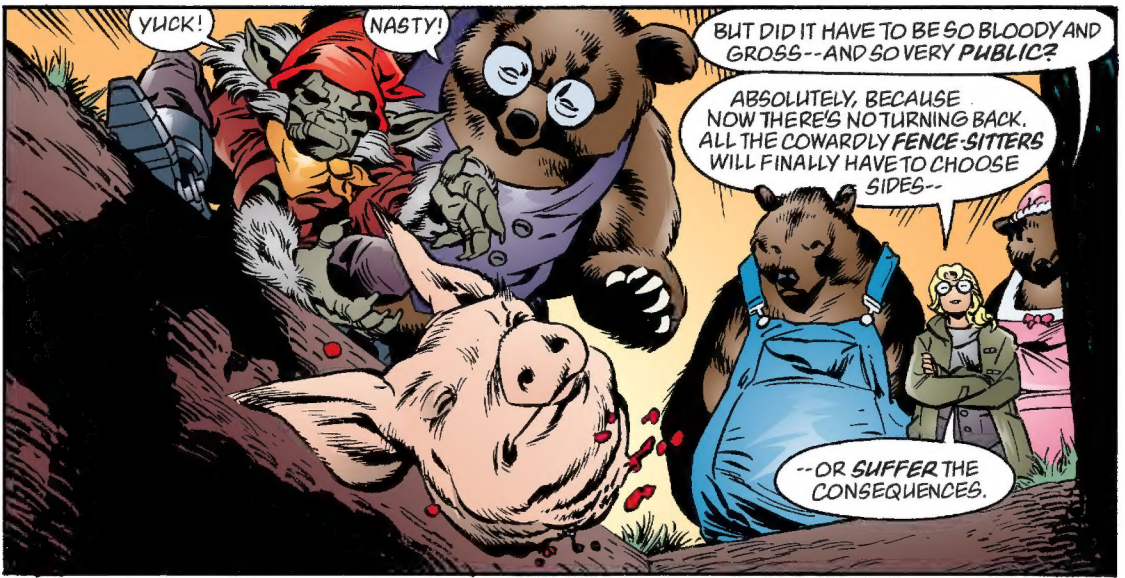












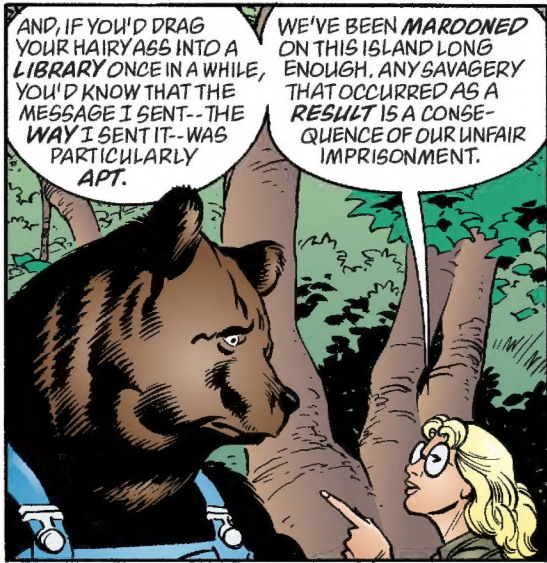
YUCK!

NASTY!

BUT DID IT HAVE TO BE SO BLOODY AND GROSS--AND SO VERY PUBLIC?

ABSOLUTELY, BECAUSE NOW THERE'S NO TURNING BACK. ALL THE COWARDLY FENCE-SITTERS WILL FINALLY HAVE TO CHOOSE SIDES--

--OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.



AND, IF YOU'D DRAG YOUR HAIRY ASS INTO A LIBRARY ONCE IN A WHILE, YOU'D KNOW THAT THE MESSAGE I SENT--THE WAY I SENT IT--WAS PARTICULARLY APT.

WE'VE BEEN MARDONED ON THIS ISLAND LONG ENOUGH. ANY SAVAGERY THAT OCCURRED AS A RESULT IS A CONSEQUENCE OF OUR UNFAIR IMPRISONMENT.



EARTH TO GOLDILOCKS: THIS AIN'T NO ISLAND, BABE.

LEARN YOUR WAY AROUND THE CONCEPT OF "METAPHOR," BOO.



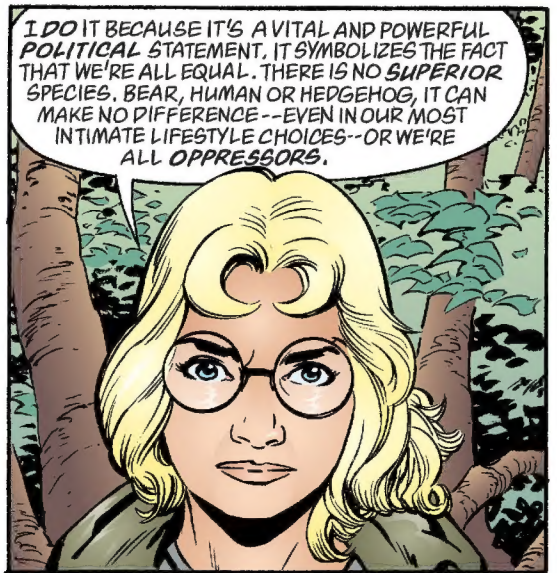
AND YOU'RE HARDLY STUCK HERE LIKE US, GOLDY. YOU COULD MOVE DOWN TO THE CITY IF YOU LIKE.



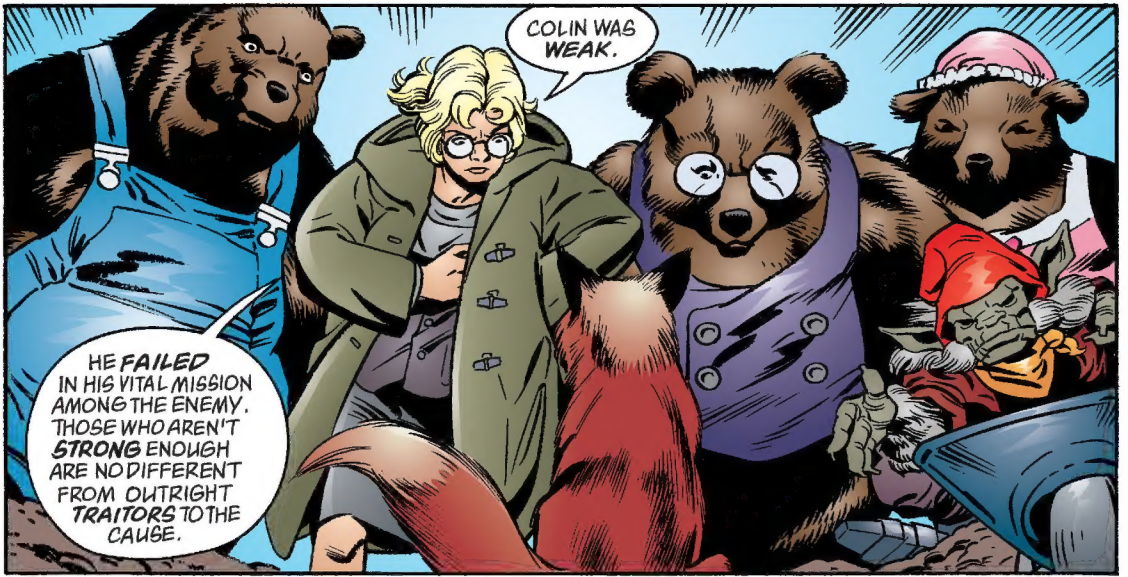
DON'T YOU GET IT YET? AFTER ALL MY DOCTRINAL LECTURES? WHEN ONE OF US IS ENSLAVED, ALL OF US ARE.

YES, I COULD MOVE AWAY, BUT I CHOOSE TO TAKE MY STAND HERE WITH YOU. YOUR CAUSE IS MY CAUSE.

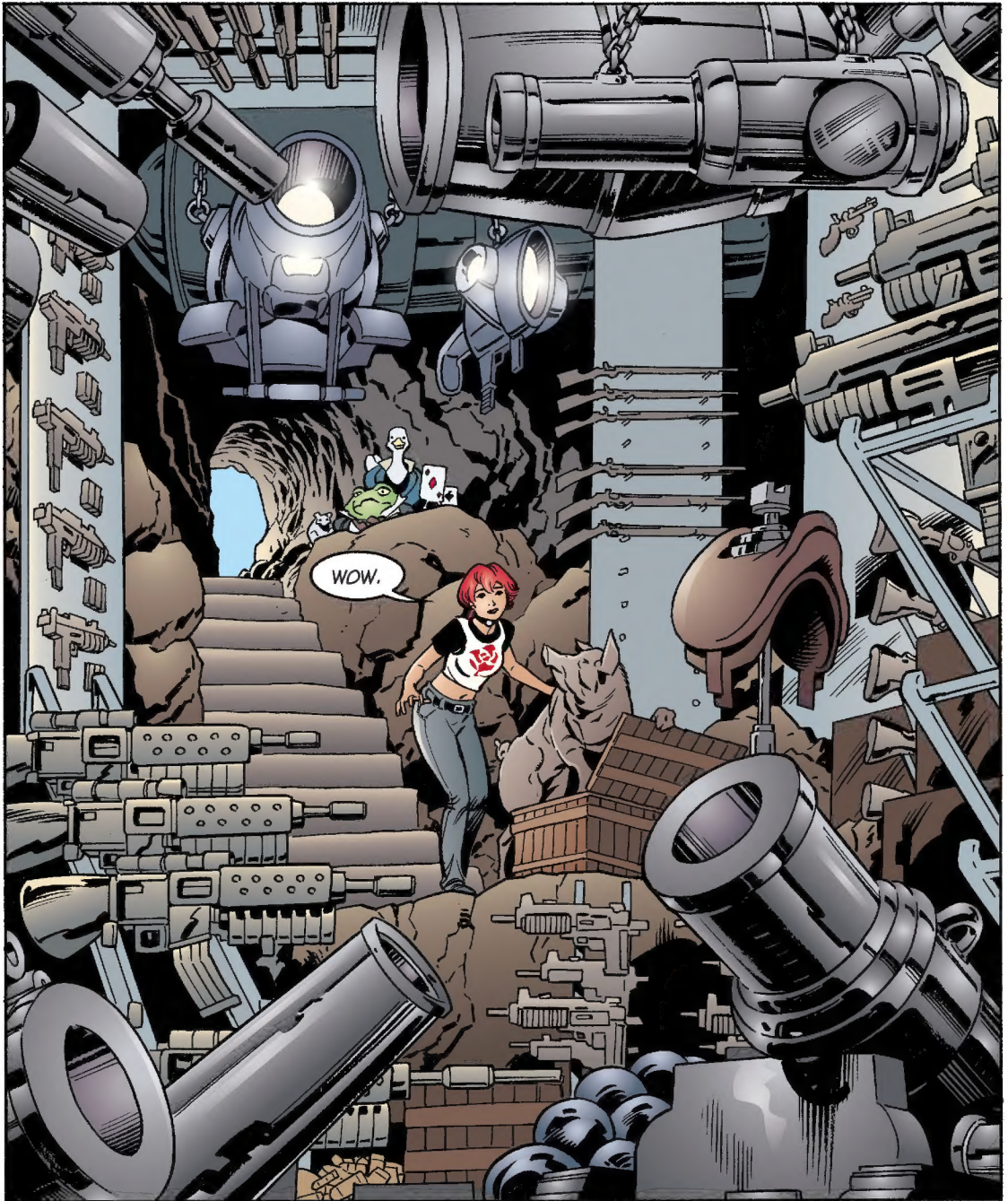




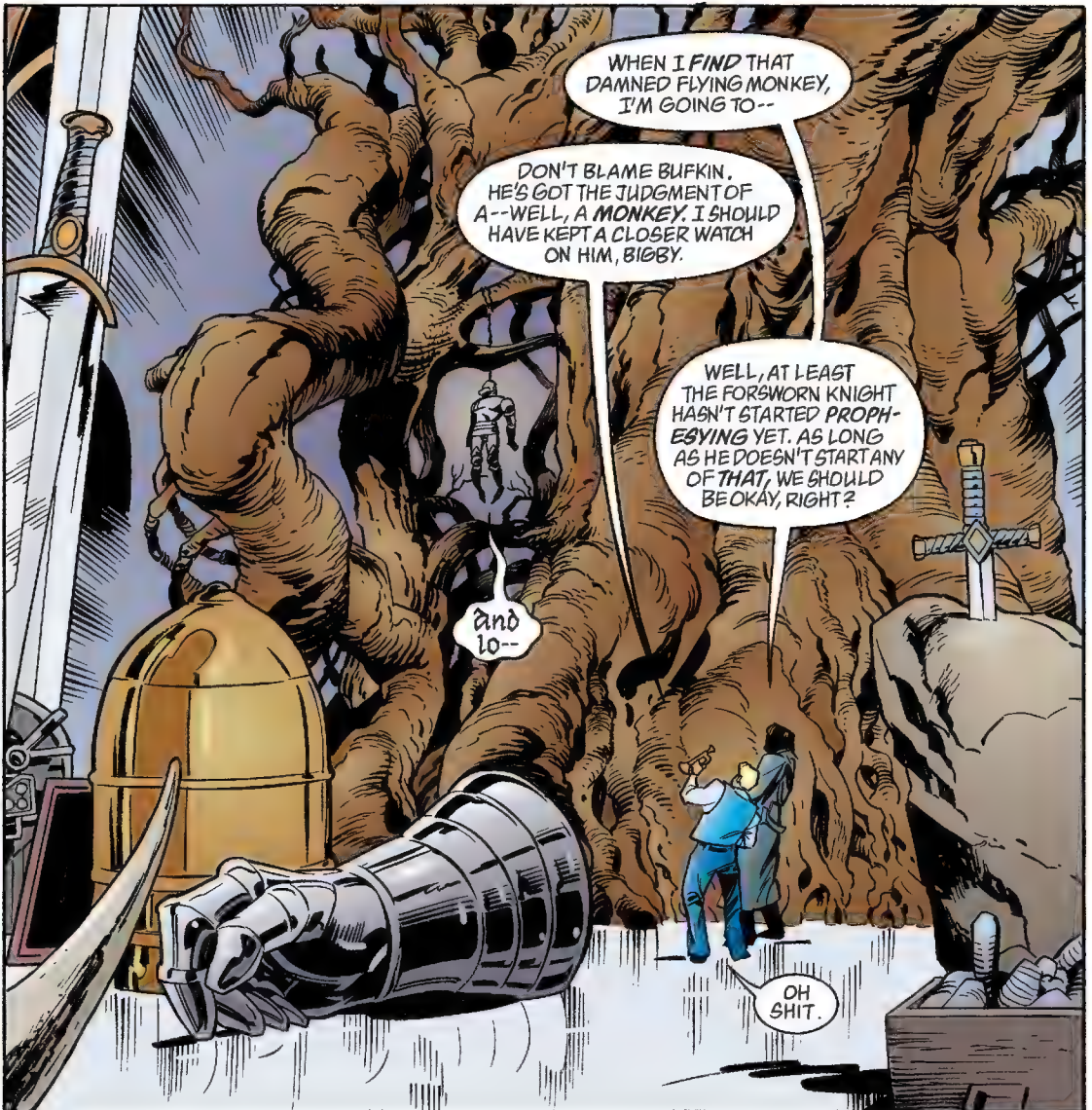




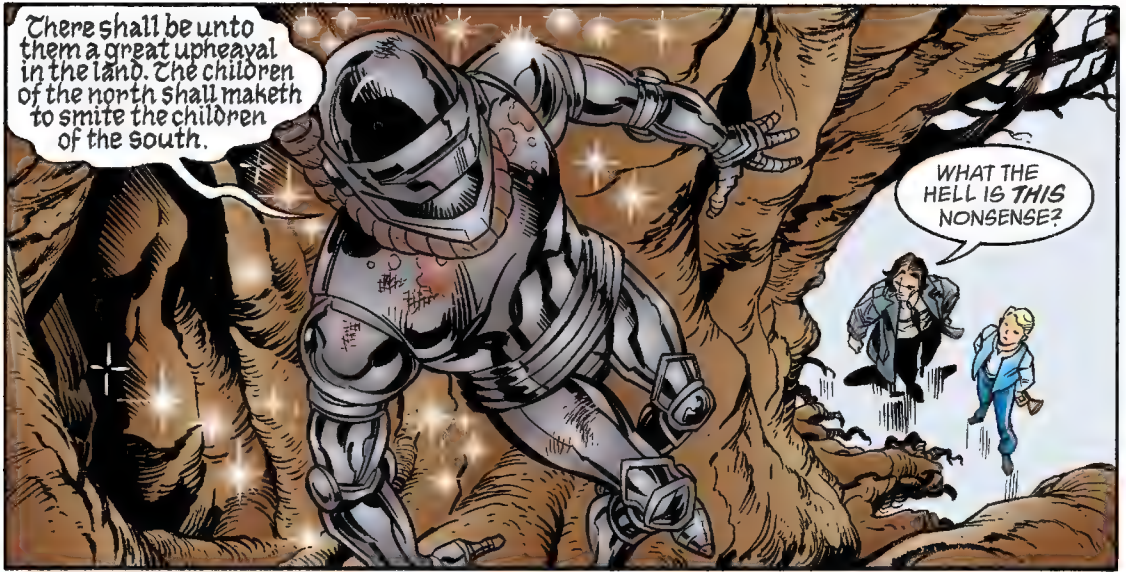






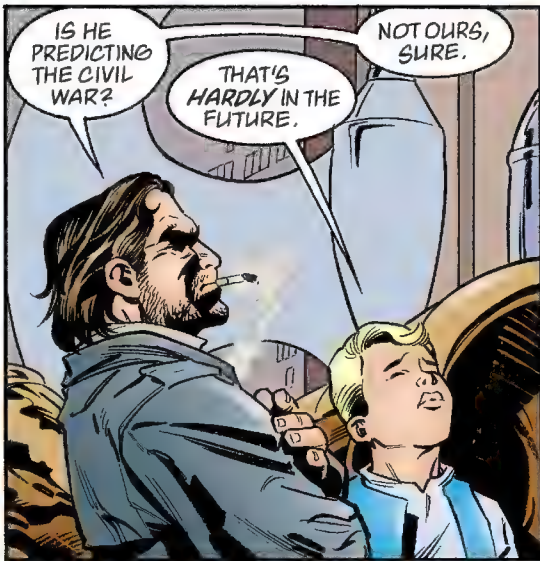






There shall be unto them a great upheaval in the land. The children of the north shall maketh to smite the children of the south.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS NONSENSE?



IS HE PREDICTING THE CIVIL WAR?

THAT'S HARDLY IN THE FUTURE.

NOT OURS, SURE.



BUT WHEN DID HE OFF HIMSELF? SOMETIME IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, RIGHT? SO, FOR HIM THAT WOULD STILL BE STUFF YET TO COME, BLUE.

I DON'T THINK IT WORKS LIKE THAT.



and sister shall take up arms against sister.

HEY, IS HE TALKING ABOUT MISS WHITE AND MISS RED?



IF HE IS, HE'S STILL RECYCLING OLD NEWS.

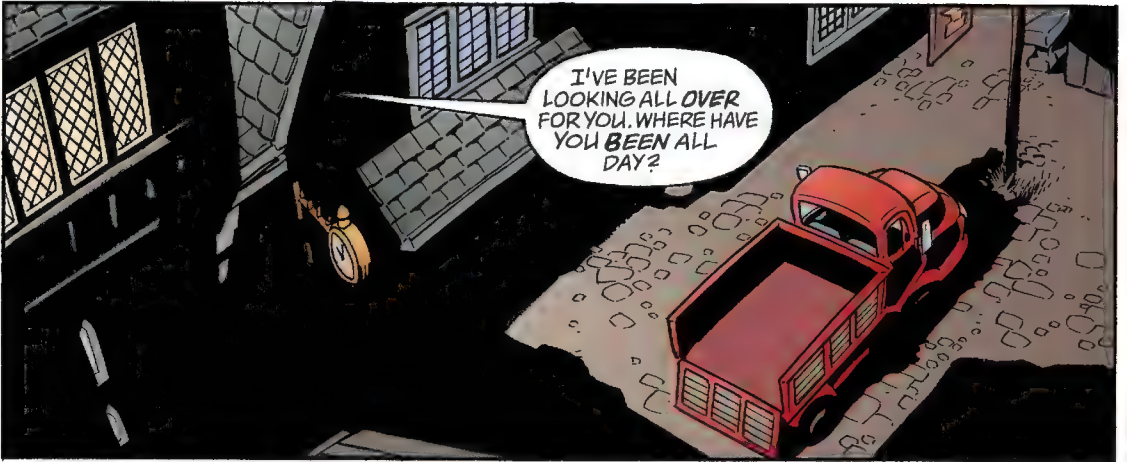
THOSE TWO HAVE BEEN AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS FOR CENTURIES. THIS BOY IS ONE CRAPPY-ASSED ORACLE.





AND SOON THEREAFTER...

FINALLY!  
THERE YOU  
ARE!



I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING ALL OVER  
FOR YOU. WHERE HAVE  
YOU BEEN ALL  
DAY?



TRUST ME,  
SNOW, YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO KNOW.

OH, CLEVER  
ME. I'M A POET.

WHAT THE  
HELL IS IT YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR?

MY  
KEYS.



THE TRUCK  
KEYS TO BE EXACT.  
I CAN'T FIND THEM  
ANYWHERE.

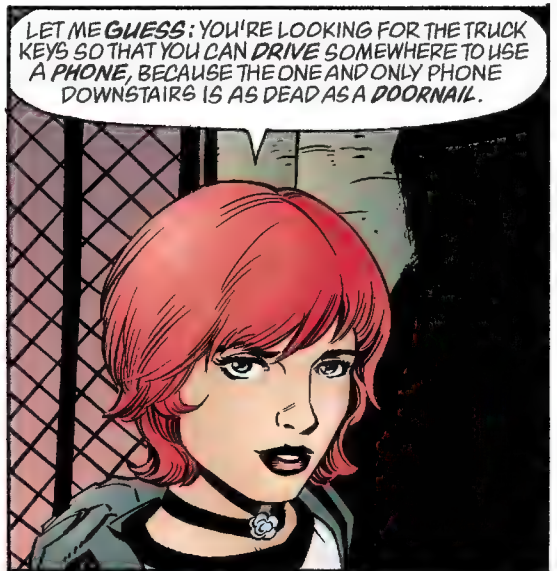
YOU  
WON'T.





WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

TRY, FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, SISTER, TO RENT A CLUE, IF YOU CAN'T COME BY ONE HONESTLY.

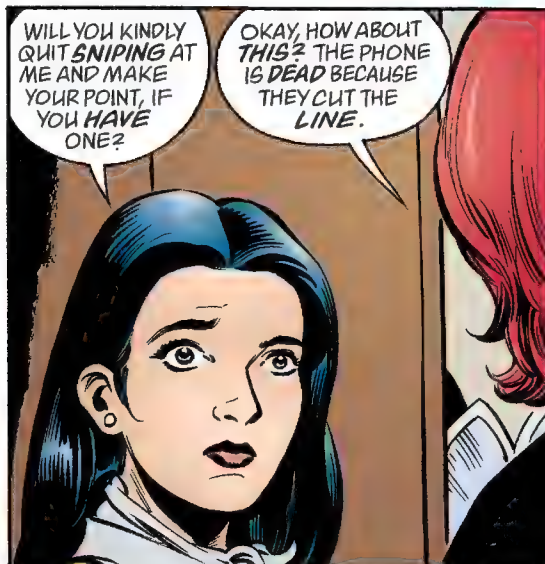


LET ME GUESS: YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE TRUCK KEYS SO THAT YOU CAN DRIVE SOMEWHERE TO USE A PHONE, BECAUSE THE ONE AND ONLY PHONE DOWNSTAIRS IS AS DEAD AS A DOORNAIL.



YEAH, THE SERVICE IS DOWN. WITHOUT WEYLAND HERE TO MAKE REPAIRS, THIS WHOLE PLACE IS GOING TO HELL IN A HANDBASKET.

GO FIGURE. ARE YOU REALLY CAPABLE OF SUCH NAIVETE?



WILL YOU KINDLY QUIT SNIPING AT ME AND MAKE YOUR POINT, IF YOU HAVE ONE?

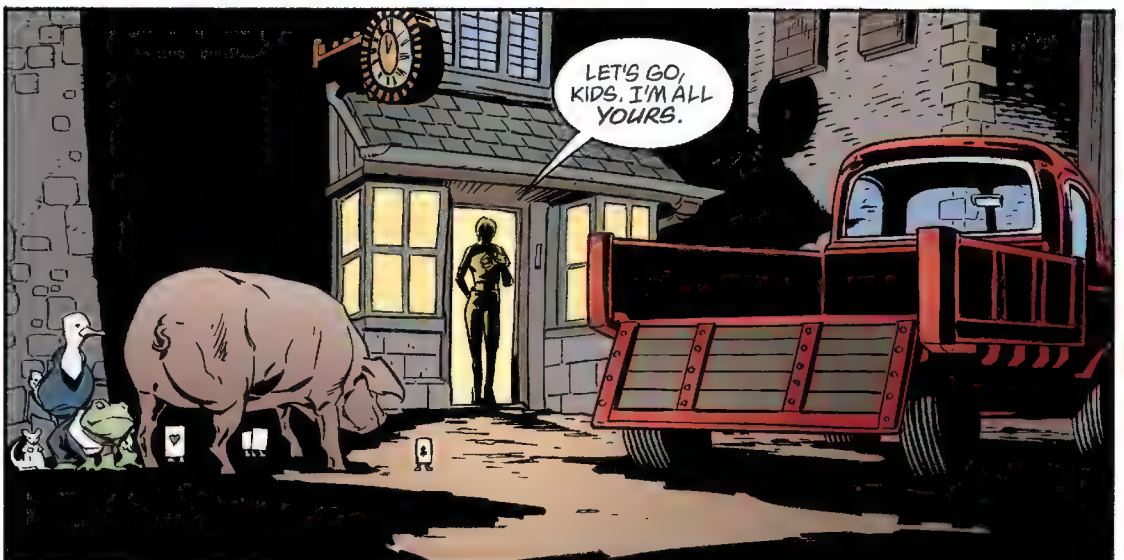
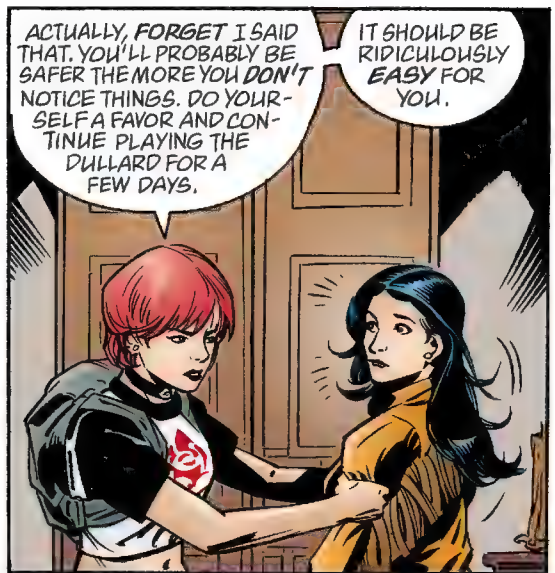
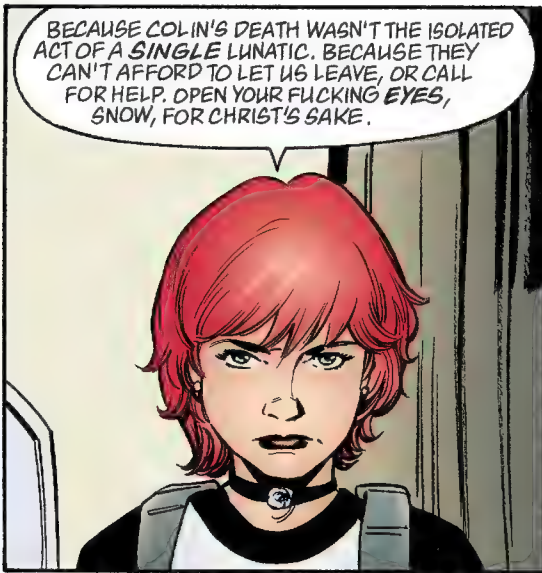
OKAY, HOW ABOUT THIS? THE PHONE IS DEAD BECAUSE THEY CUT THE LINE.



THE TRUCK KEYS ARE MISSING BECAUSE THEY TOOK THEM.

WHY? WHAT ON EARTH FOR?





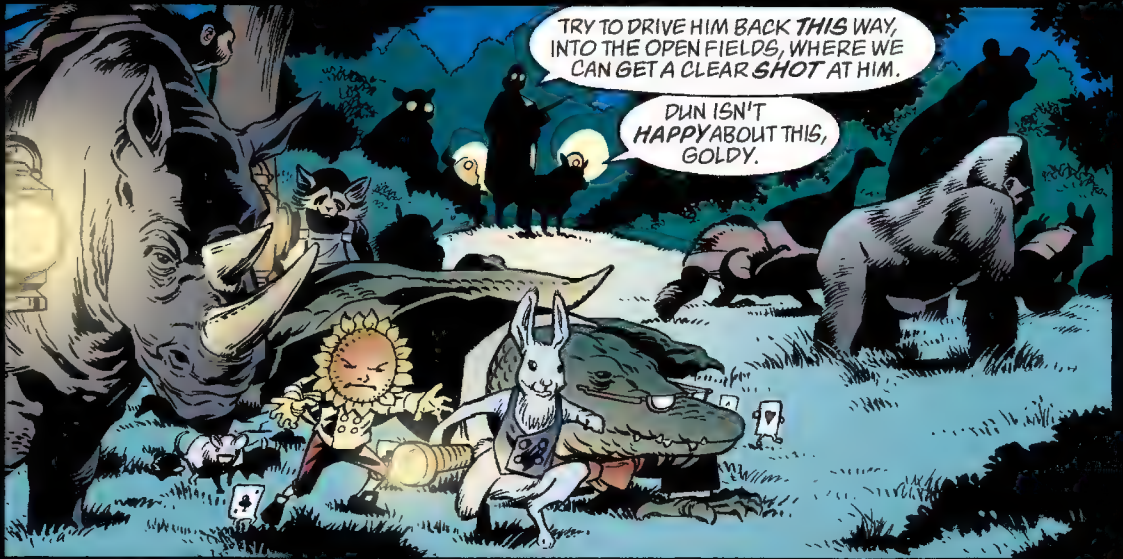




FAN OLT AND MAKE SOME NOISE.

BRER RABBIT, YOU TAKE YOUR GROUP **THAT** WAY, BRER BEAR, SWING AROUND AND BRING YOUR TEAM IN FROM THE OTHER SIDE. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH HIM IN A CLASSIC **PINGER** MOVEMENT.

BASIC TACTICS.



TRY TO DRIVE HIM BACK **THIS** WAY, INTO THE OPEN FIELDS, WHERE WE CAN GET A CLEAR **SHOT** AT HIM.

DUN ISN'T **HAPPY** ABOUT THIS, GOLDY.



IF YOU HADN'T **INSISTED** ON PUTTING HIS HEAD ON DISPLAY...

WHAT'S DONE IS **DONE**, POSEY. YOU CAN'T PUT **SHIT** BACK IN A GOOSE.



YOU AND DUN ARE IN CHARGE OF THE POLITICS, AND THAT'S **FINE**.

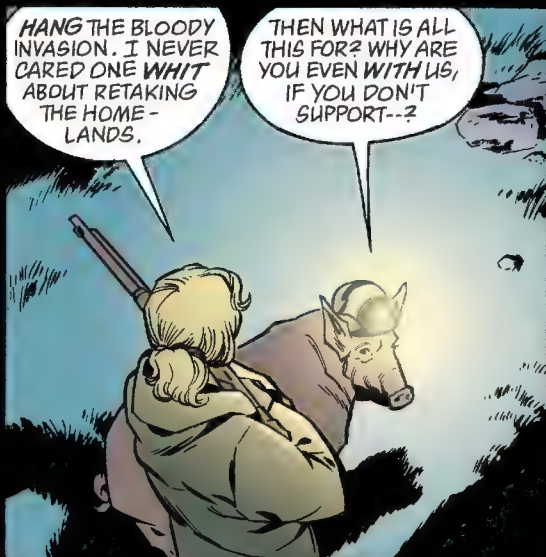
BUT AS LONG AS MA AND PA BEAR HAVE THE EAR OF THE FARM'S MORE **PREDATORY** FABLE ELEMENT, AND I PULL THE STRINGS OF THE BEARS, I'M THE **MUSCLE** END OF OUR REVOLUTION.





NOW THE  
TIMETABLES IN  
MY HANDS.

BUT WE'RE NOT READY!  
WE'VE BARELY BEGUN THE  
WEAPONS CONVERSIONS,  
AND THE INVASION CAN'T  
GO FORWARD UNTIL  
THEN!



HANG THE BLOODY  
INVASION. I NEVER  
CARED ONE WHIT  
ABOUT RETAKING  
THE HOME-  
LANDS.

THEN WHAT IS ALL  
THIS FOR? WHY ARE  
YOU EVEN WITH US,  
IF YOU DON'T  
SUPPORT--?



BECAUSE, WHEN ALL OF YOU LEAVE THIS WORLD  
ON YOUR QUIXOTIC QUEST, SOMEONE HAS TO BE  
LEFT IN CHARGE TO RULE FABLETOWN-- BOTH  
COMMUNITIES-- HERE AND IN THE  
CITY.



AND YOU  
PLAN TO BE  
THAT  
"SOMEONE"?

CAN YOU THINK  
OF ANYONE MORE  
DESERVING?

DON'T YOU TWO HAVE ANYTHING  
USEFUL TO DO? THIS IS GROWNUP  
TALK. GO WATCH THE TREE LINE.



GOLDY THINKS SHE  
KNOWS EVERYTHING... IF  
YOU WERE TO USE A FUNNEL  
AND ONE OF THOSE  
APOTHECARY'S PESTLES  
TO MOOSH IT IN WITH--

SURE, BUT YOU'D  
HAVE TO SEDATE THE  
GOOSE FIRST.





I SAW HIM  
SOMEWHERE AROUND  
HERE, I'M SURE  
OF IT!

AND I'M  
SURE YOU NEED  
TO VISIT THE  
OPTOMETRIST.



KAA, HAVE  
YOU SEEN  
HIM?

NOT YET, OLD KING,  
BUT I HAVE CONFIDENCE  
HE'LL FALL INTO MY COILS  
SOONER OR LATER.

I HAVE THE ENTIRE BANDARLOS  
HOST SCOURING THE FOREST. IF  
YOU EXPECT TO GET HIM FIRST,  
YOU'D BEST MOVE OUT SMARTLY.







>sniff<

>sniff<



SHERE KHAN, BAGHERA.

ANY LUCK?



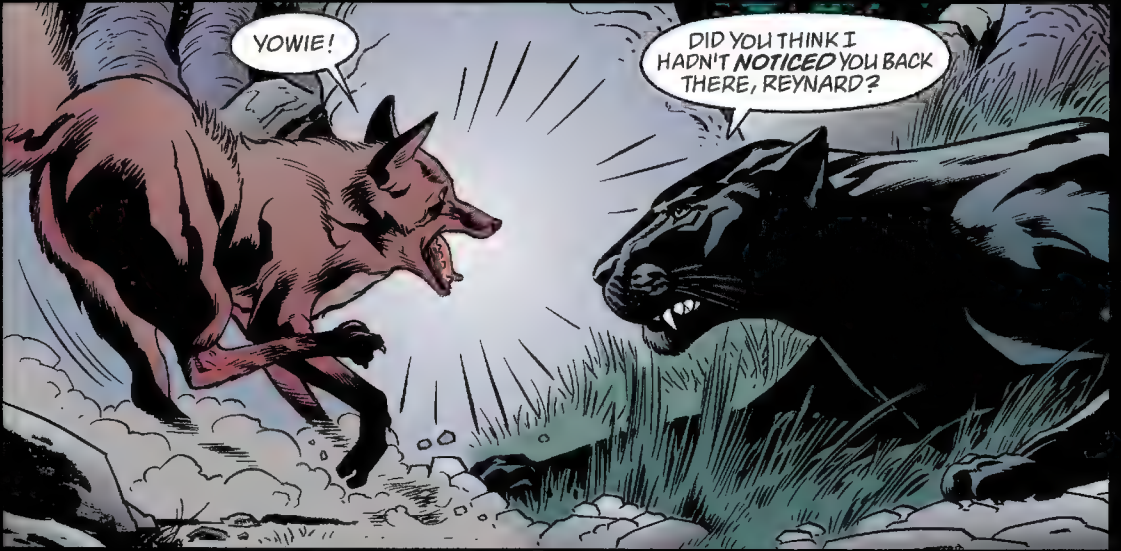
HE'S CLOSE, I'M CERTAIN I CAUGHT A WHIFF OF HIM JUST A MINUTE AGO.



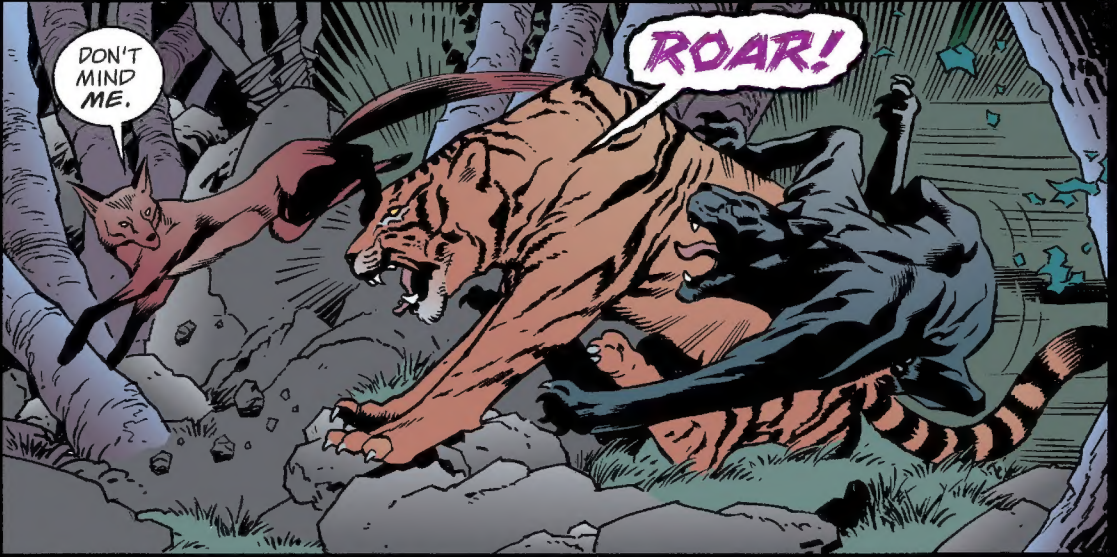
DO YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU SEARCH THIS AREA?

DOES THE MIGHTY SULTAN INVITE A PEASANT TO SHARE HIS TABLE? RUN ALONG, LITTLE PANTHER.

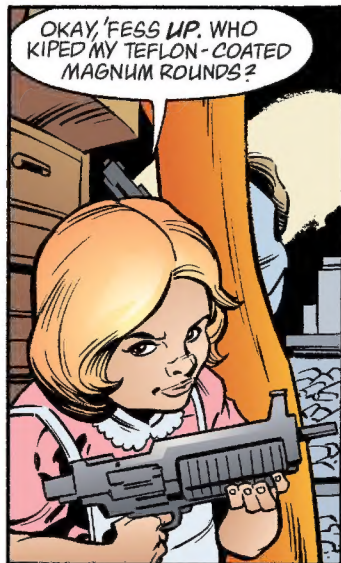
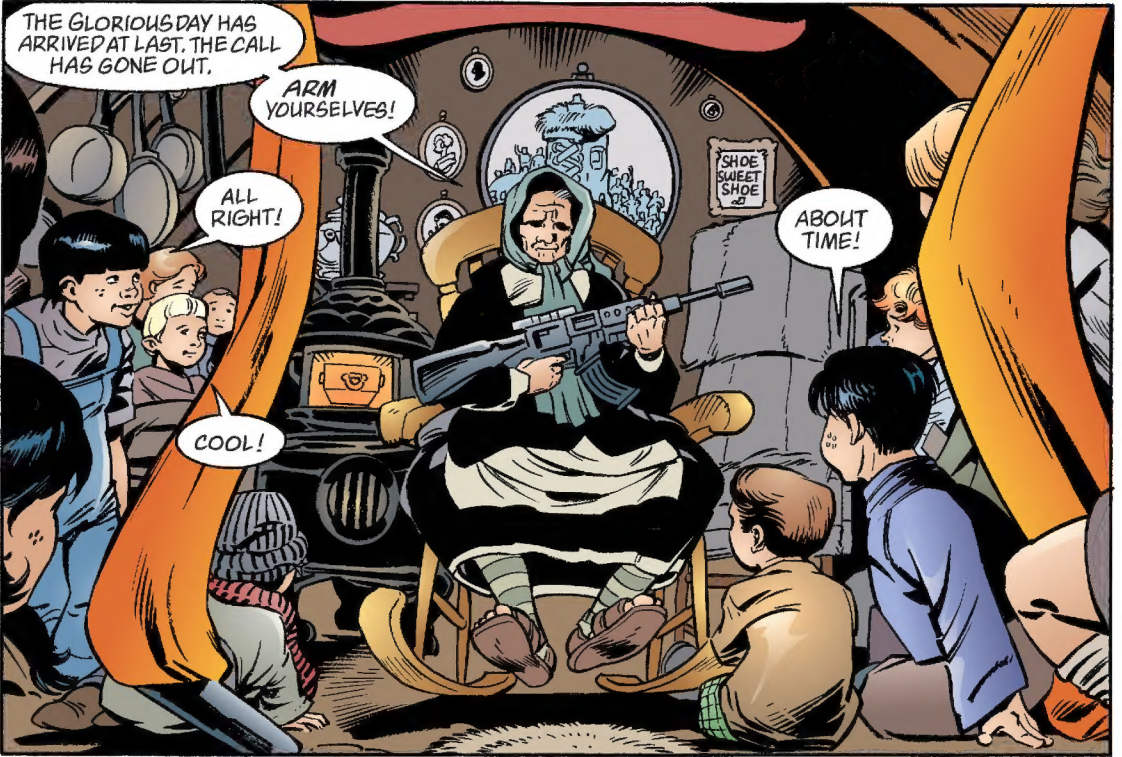
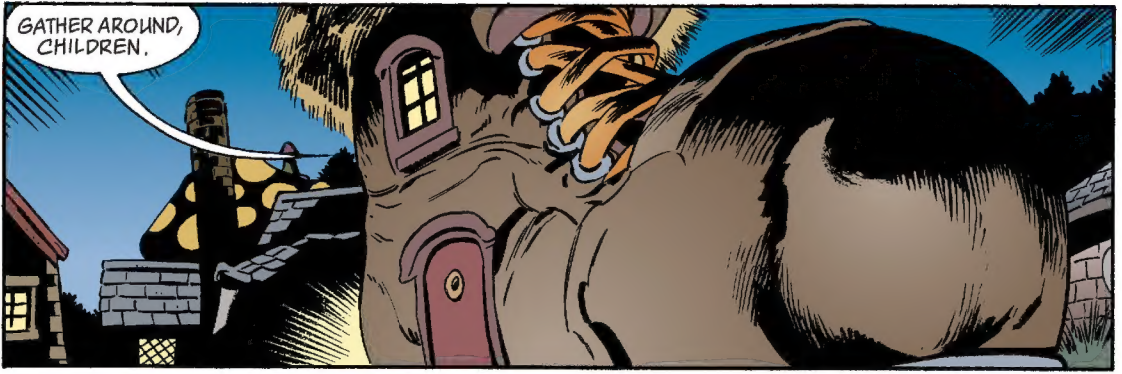




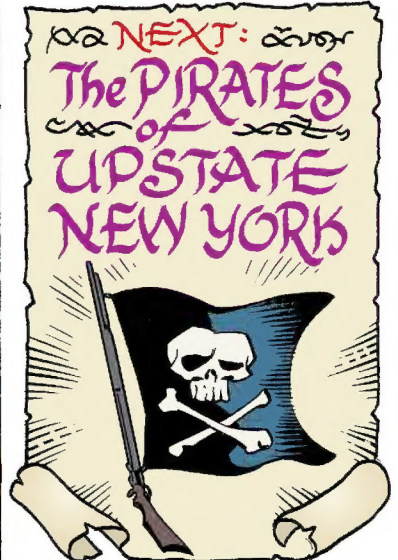
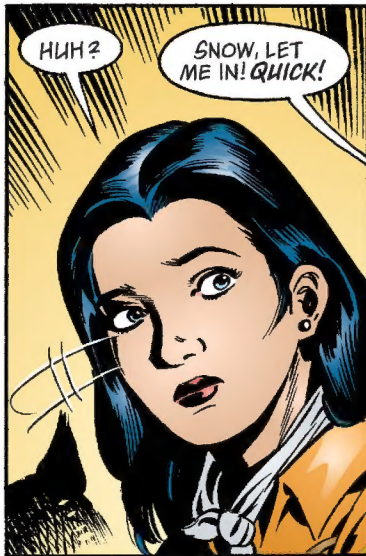
















NATHAN